THE ILLINOIS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER DECEMBER 1916

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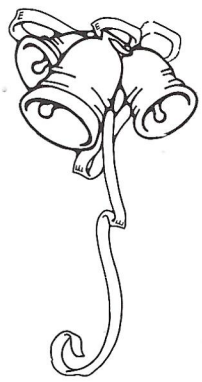

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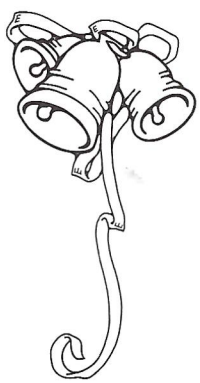


THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By the Inspired Reporter

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO

ST. LUKE

CHAPTER 2.

1 *Augustus taxeth the Roman empire* 6 *Nativity of Christ.* 8 *One angel relateth it to the shepherds.* 13 *many sing praises to God for it.*

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

4 And Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem;

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

7 And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

The Illinois Magazine

Volume 8 DECEMBER, 1916 Number 3

A BRITISH WARTIME CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS in England! What a wealth of happiness and joviality has always been associated with this occasion! In fact, it would be almost too trite to enumerate the host of good times that comes to mind when one speaks of a good old-fashioned British Yuletide, for Dickens alone has immortalized its spirit and atmosphere forever in his "Christmas Carol." Joviality and sanity, with more than a touch of seriousness—these are the elements that have been blended together in such a way as to make this great national holiday the happiest time of the year.

To say that all this has not been changed by the great war which is still going on, would be not only incredible but untrue. For no entire people could have so whole-heartedly and intensely given themselves over to their present cause without at the same time permeating every phase and aspects of their lives with the essence of self-sacrifice and devotion.

But the change that the war has wrought upon the English people has been, I believe, more psychological than material. Judging by the appearance of the shops and streets, by the number of festivities planned, and by other familiar indications of approaching holiday time, it is hard to appreciate that this is a country at war; that its people are active participants in the greatest and deadliest combats of all history. The change, then, might rather be described as subjective, as the English are differing from past years not so much in the way in which they celebrate Christmas as in the attitude of mind in which they do it. It must also be remembered that aside from the decided national tendency towards stability and poise, their natural conservatism, reinforced by a vast army of traditions, has come nobly to their support at this time of crisis.

Yet it would be a mistake to think that all evidences of the war are suppressed and hidden. Quite to the contrary. The streets are full of soldiers. The recruiting stations witness a fair amount of activity. The Red Cross, and its humane complement, the Blue Cross Socities make their existence felt everywhere. Relief societies have been organized throughout the country to search out and assist the poor and worthy families. There are many such who have been reduced to dire circumstances either through economic conditions which the war has produced or because, in the departure of the wage-earners for the front, there has been no one left behind to provide for the women and children.

Then, of course, the soldiers at the front have not been over-looked. Thousands of hampers containing holiday goodies and staple supplies, suitable for men in the trenches, have been sent across the channel, together with warm clothing, tobacco, and other little comforts and luxuries.

These are just a few of the many good Samaritan projects which are being carried on this Christmas in our time of common suffering.

There is so much that is changed by

the war, and yet at the same time a great deal has been left just as it has always been for years and years. The children still have their jolly holiday pantomimes. The yule log still sends up its showers of starry sparks as it crackles and spurts on the hearth. The Christmas wakes still come around to your door at night, singing their old-time carols in the cold, crisp air. And the hopeful mendicant is still standing on the corner of a side street, saying over his familiar ditty:

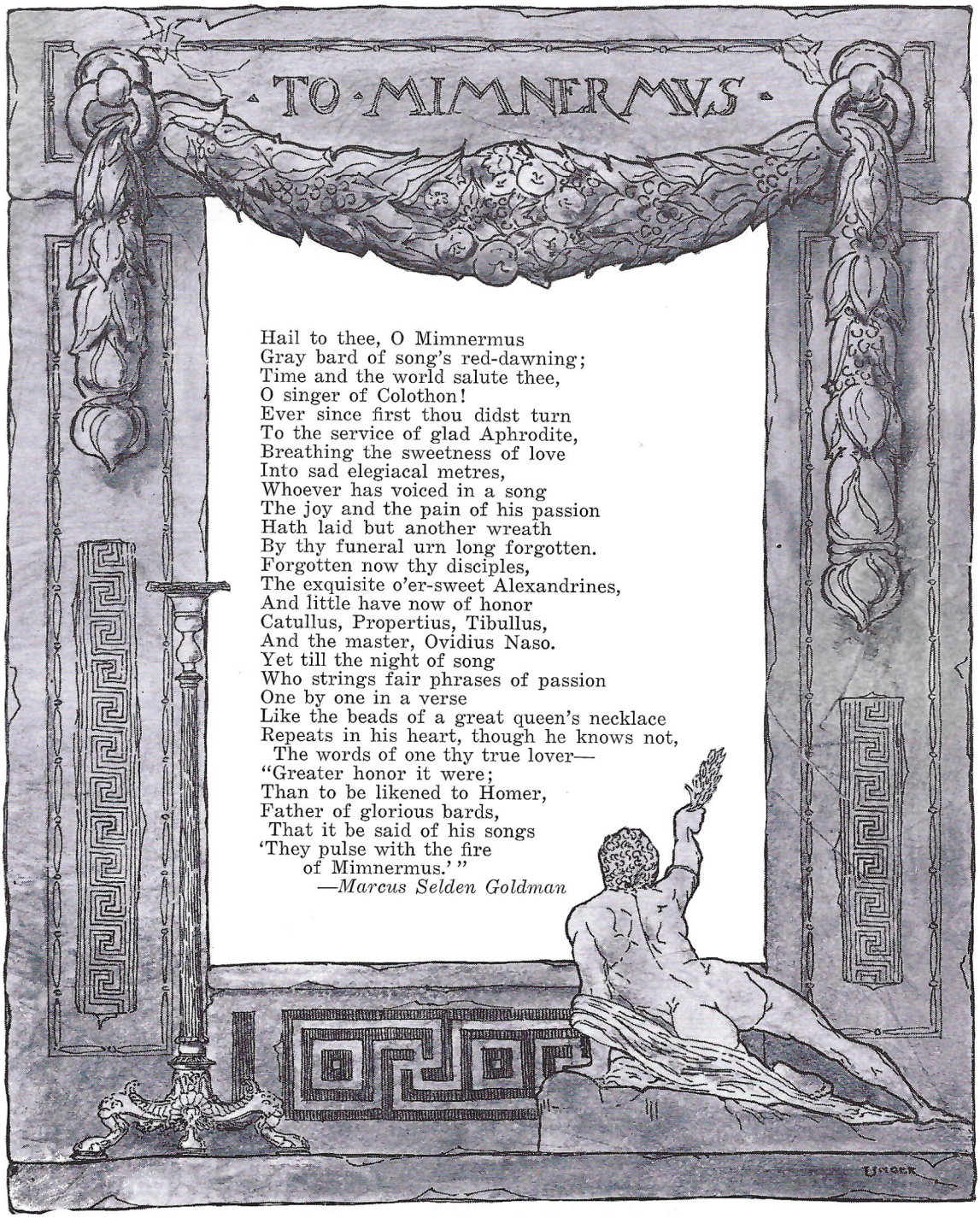
"Christmas is coming
The pigs are getting fat,
Please put a penny
In the old man's hat
If you haven't got a penny,
A ha' penny will do;
If you haven't got a ha' penny,
God bless you!"

Yet with all this, we cannot forget that there is a difference in us this year. The many absent ones have left places in our hearts that no amount of Christmas cheer can quite fill. There are big, conspicuous gaps in the hearth circle of thousands of homes tonight, which a strange, sad pride only partially closes. So it is not surprising if Christmas has come to have a deeper meaning than before, and if its spiritual significance has become more prominent. For through all the sin and the suffering, through all the partings and heart-aches, deep down in the hearts of us all, lies the earnest and eager hope that some day we, too, may see the gleam at the end of the road.

THE WANDERER

I want to go ahomin'
To my own hearth fire;
I want to quit aroamin'
For the land o' my desire.
I've sorrowed in the city
At the faces on the street,
And felt a gushin' pity
For the toilers in the wheat.
My soul has stood aharkin'
To the callin' o' the sea;
And now I'd go alarkin'
With the friends o' me.
I've seen the aros agleamin'
In the city's depth and height,
And the prairie sky astreamin'
With the glorious northern light.
But the cloud o' fire aguidin'
Unto all I now desire
Is the dream o' mother bidin'
By my own hearth fire.

—*Nancy Lucile Reese*



Hail to thee, O Mimnermus
Gray bard of song's red-dawning;
Time and the world salute thee,
O singer of Colothon!
Ever since first thou didst turn
To the service of glad Aphrodite,
Breathing the sweetness of love
Into sad elegiacal metres,
Whoever has voiced in a song
The joy and the pain of his passion
Hath laid but another wreath
By thy funeral urn long forgotten.
Forgotten now thy disciples,
The exquisite o'er-sweet Alexandrines,
And little have now of honor
Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus,
And the master, Ovidius Naso.
Yet till the night of song
Who strings fair phrases of passion
One by one in a verse
Like the beads of a great queen's necklace
Repeats in his heart, though he knows not,
The words of one thy true lover—
"Greater honor it were;
Than to be likened to Homer,
Father of glorious bards,
That it be said of his songs
'They pulse with the fire
of Mimnermus.'"

—*Marcus Selden Goldman*

WYLLA WILLS

M. F. BALDWIN—*Illustrated by C. B. Rowe*

SAY, what qualifications has a set old bachelor for telling a tale of maids and suitors, anyway? It's out of my line, and certainly beyond my power. But the main character insists that it is my duty, so here I am, and pray be lenient.

You don't need to know much about me. As I said, I'm a bach, somewhat north of thirty-five; fill in the other details as you please. I am the junior partner in Ridge & Whitely's, and have lived with old Tom Whitely ever since the 80's. His wife died then, when Wylla was born, and he sized me up as a likely cub who might be good company until memories weren't so sharp; but time has gone on until I am as much a fixture here as that little Swiss clock Tom got from the firm when he married Grace Owen.

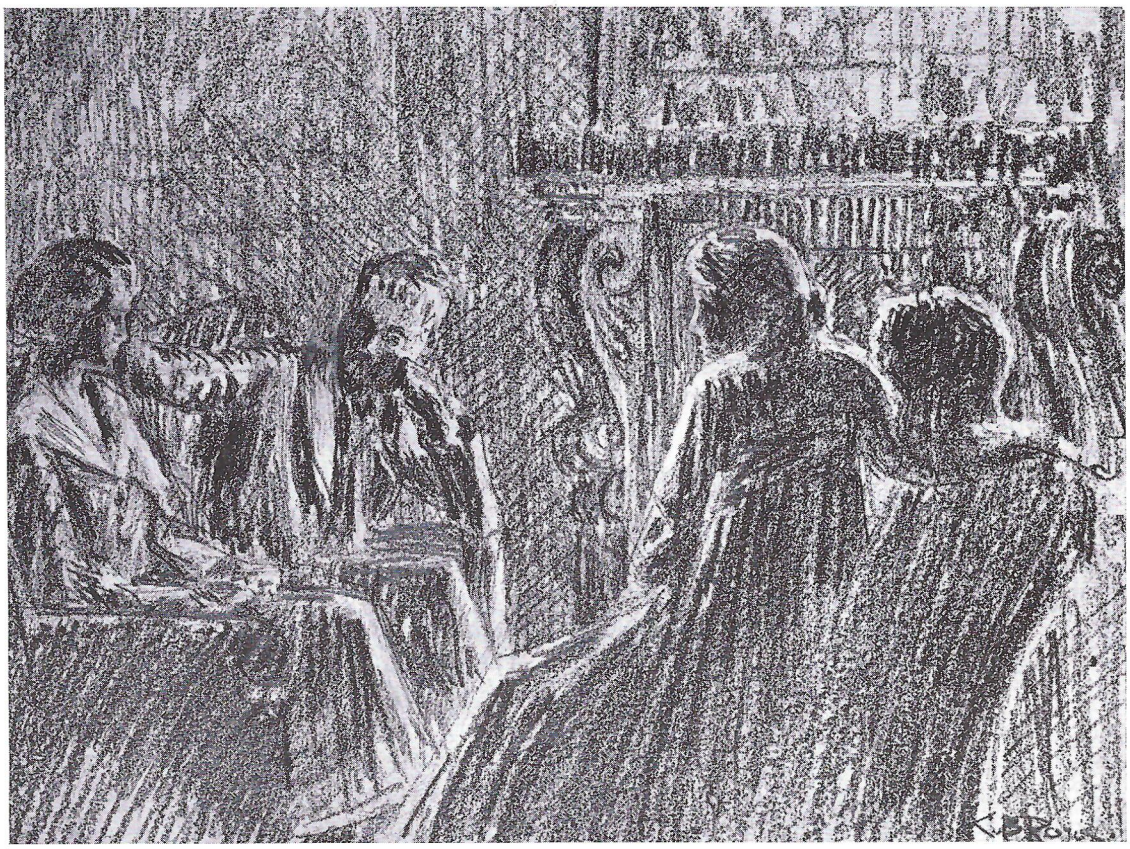
Wylla grew up with practically two daddies. Mrs. Cowles, although a capable housekeeper, was as understanding and sympathetic as a Hindu idol, and Wylla generally came to either her dad or I with her joys and her woes. I always had a feeling that she was more confidential and unafraid with me than with her real daddy. He thought the world of Wylla, but his gruff, direct manner, developed in years of business, instilled in the child a shyness that she never quite lost.

It always seemed to me that the girl needed someone to talk with; someone in whom she could confide her little triumphs as well as her numerous troubles, and who would be very obviously interested in each thing she did. So, in my incapable way, I did all I could to be Wylla's companion, and although I didn't think so at the time, my friendliness must have had a distinct effect upon her frank faith in me, even, perhaps, to the point of placing me first in her confidences. I guess Tom felt he had missed a lot of genuine chumminess in Wylla, and it hurt him, but you can't change a man much at his age.

Of course our girl went away to school. Tom and I spent long evenings deciding where he should send her; you know there are so many of these girls' schools, and the ordinary places often seem better than the A number one schools, in the catalogs. Wylla had taken two years in the town high school, and we wanted to give her two more in a first-rate preparatory school before she went to college. We finally picked out a seminary on the Hudson river that looked about right, and packed our kiddy off for nine months. She was sixteen now, with straight, black hair, which she still wore down her back; blue eyes, deep and a little too sober, I thought; and a tendency to let others do the talking.

The next six years were lonesome ones. Of course Tom and I got frequent letters, and Wylla was home every summer. But she had to go back just when the weather was fine and we three were having great times together, and then letters were a poor substitute for her own loving self. I remember how pretty she looked after her first year away. Her hair was fixed something like a coronet, all twisted in and out; the sober eyes laughed more than they had; even her dresses showed a difference, with little touches she'd never bothered about before. I thought she was less self-effacing than she had been, although she couldn't have been forward; probably mixing with girls of her own age had given her confidence. At any rate, Wylla was just O. K. in the eyes of us old duffers at home.

But one thing about our girl gave me



Ella and I Sat on the Great Divan

no end of concern, and but for that this story would never have been told. Wylla had her father's determination.

That doesn't sound a bit ominous, does it? It wouldn't have bothered me if I hadn't known Tom so well. Determination to a reasonable point is a fine trait, but Tom carried it to the 'n'th degree and then kept on a way, and I should have foreseen trouble when his good-looking daughter showed a mind of her own. But I didn't.

Well, Wylla graduated from Smith when she was twenty-two; her dad hustled to Northampton to be at the final exercises and bring her home for good. I went down to the station to meet them, but the train had come in and the people were hurrying off. As I watched the impatient crowd, hoping I hadn't missed the folks, two soft arms slipped quickly around my neck, and "Oh, Billy!" cried Wylla as she kissed me impulsively, leaving a most satisfactory and at the same time a most disturbing sensation for a staid, satisfied bachelor like myself. "Now, come over and meet my school chum, Miss Roberts. Ella, meet my assistant daddy, Mr. Walker. Miss Roberts is one her way home too, Billy, but we've induced her to stay over a few days with us."

I asserted my pleasure at meeting her, and we started home. Wylla explained that Miss Roberts had been her room-mate for the past two years; she had been working in this time for her M.A., and now she was going home to teach, thirty miles from here.

It hadn't exactly pleased me to have this girl coming home with Wylla, for we three had been together so long that an outsider was not always at ease with us. And yet this one did not affect me the way most of these flip schoolgirls do, although she had a generous streak of fun in her nature, too. Miss Roberts was more talkative than Wylla, and she must have been older by several years; she had a frank, sensible face and a really delightful smile. So many of these women smile by formula! After talking with her, I could see where Wylla had shown good judgment.

But I mustn't forget to tell of the new Wylla Tom and I had! She was tall and slim, like her mother, but the strong jaw and deep eyes were unmistakably her dad's. Tom could have asked no better child to fill the void left by Grace's death than this sweet, strong girl. Summer evenings, when the air was chilled, we would have a fire in the den. Ella Roberts and I sat on the great divan, but Tom stuck close to that old morris chair you see by the south winodw, and Wylla liked to perch on the broad arm, her head close to her dad's, so that the wealth of black strands, glowing in the occasional flares of the logs, pushed the straggling grey hairs in every direction. It sounds like a scene from a novel, doesn't it? But this was better, and I'll never forget the charm of those quiet evenings. Our visitor, Ella, might well have been one of the family, so well she fitted in.

Ella went home after three pleasant weeks, and she made Wylla promise to visit her soon. She was a fine friend for our girl, and I was sorry to see her leave, principally because I thought Wylla would get lonesome for younger folks, although of course I liked to talk with Ella myself. She had some mighty good thoughts for a person that had not seen much of the world. It was certainly satisfying to talk with her after hearing the chatter of some of the school girls. But that satisfaction would have exhausted itself when I knew her better!

Tom and I needn't have worried about our Princess Wylla being lonesome. Inside a month the subjects were flocking to her royal reception room, that is, the front porch or the parlor, proffering their modern interpretations of frankincense and myrrh, and asking frequent audiences. The first to swear allegiance was an acquaintance of Wylla's high school days, George Blake. He was closely seconded by Frank Weston, and then came a bunch of nondescripts that found short favor under the absolute monarchy maintained by the Princess of Whitely.

"Let her have her time, Bill," said Tom slowly, when it looked to me as if Wylla had lost sight of her family in the new whirl of dances and parties, and I said so. "She's never been out much around here, and it's all life. Perhaps a strong draught of social life will sicken her of it, and she will enjoy us the better." He stared straight at the ceiling a moment, then back at me. "Wylla is a woman now, and sooner or later we'll lose her to some other man; we're bound to. But Wylla may pick whom she wishes without my supervision. She has a good mind, and if she wants to be left alone in this, as she probably will, I shan't interfere. If she comes to me of course I'll do all I can. But let's not worry yet, anyway." That was all.

Now, this house was Tom's, and Wylla his daughter, but in spite of that I felt Tom's policy was a blunder. Girls forget their good sense when a good-looking man makes a fuss over them, and I knew the fur would fly to no avail when Wylla had decided on one definite person. I've seen too much of the Whitely mind in action to be fooled there; yes, indeed!

Well, do you know, it began to look as if things would happen right off the bat! Within another month Wylla had cut the squad until only Blake and Weston were in

the running; I'll try to give you an idea of these lads.

Frank Weston was my ideal of a husband for Wylla. He was heavy set, had a good strong face, and he worshipped Wylla if anyone ever did. Frank held a comfortable place in his father's bolt factory south of here on Crescent avenue; but his duties couldn't have been very confining, for he usually managed to drop around every other day with his roadster and take Wylla for long rides. He was a fascinating talker, never tiresome, and one was bound to like him. I had known his father for years—perhaps that influenced me—but Frank was my man every time.

I hadn't much use for Blake, although I suppose he could be decent enough. He was built lighter than Frank, and he lacked Frank's confident bearing; he said very little, but sometimes I had a sneaking notion that he thought more than he gave utterance to. Wylla said he did work for the magazines; I guess he was too frail for any other job. However, Wylla seemed to enjoy having him around, and he was glad enough to come, so what was it to me?

I was sitting in Tom's big chair early one evening; 'twas while Tom was taking in the Bankers' Convention at Springfield. I heard the front door click sharply, then quick steps in back of me and a flushed, very breathless Wylla dropped at my feet and was crying softly, her head hidden in her arms against my knee. "What's wrong, girlie?" I asked, moving one arm and pushing the rumpled hair away from her eyes. She raised her wet, hot face and stared into the fireplace as she said simply,

"Frank just proposed to me."

"Well?" I asked encouragingly.

"I told him 'No' ", and the poor kid broke down again.

This was a pretty fix! I smoothed the bent head, awkwardly enough, I guess, but the storm was as short as it was violent, and Wylla was soon calm again. Then I asked gently, "Why, dear?"

"I don't like Frank that way. He's a good friend, but can't he stay as such? Frank doesn't really want to marry, though he thinks he does. He'd discover it afterward." She stood up and made a brave attempt to smile as she tucked in the stray locks. "Remember, Billy;" she put one finger on her lips for silence and was gone.

Next week Wylla went down to Carthage to visit Ella Roberts, so our house was short of visitors. I saw Frank Weston taking Ed Sheldon's girl for a little spin, and I must say he didn't look nor act like a jilted man. I guess he was trying to keep up appearances. Blake didn't show up at all, but he may have been hiking out nights to get ideas for writing. I always thought he was behind in ideas of his own!

Wylla's innocent trip to Carthage completely annihilated my plans. That kid of ours came home engaged to George Blake! It seems that his real home was in Carthage, although I'd never known it. He was taking a little vacation with his folks, and Wylla still maintains that he didn't know she was coming to the Roberts'. However it was, he made the most of her visit, and two happy young people came home to ask dad's sanction. Of course they got it.

I felt as if the whole thing were a big, horrible mistake. Something in Blake, Heaven knows what, had appealed to Wylla, and for that she had given up a man like Weston; no doubt she'd wonder later why she ever did such a thing. It was just what I had been afraid of, and I was disgusted with everyone, including myself. Why hadn't I been bolder with my opinion? Well, why hadn't she been slower in chucking Weston, or in accepting Blake? Good Lord!

Wylla was radiantly happy, and I said nothing to put any doubts in her mind. They were incessantly together, and he really seemed more manly to me than ever before. But when Ella came over for the wedding I cornered her and tried to quiz

her a little. She was a clever talker, all right; she hardly said anything, but before I realized I was telling her what my plan for Wylla had been. She laughed in that enjoyable way of hers, and motioned me to sit by her on the window-seat; thereupon she proceeded to dissect my little scheme and throw away the pieces.

"Your plan was workable in a limited way, Billy, but you forgot a big factor—Wylla. A girl's likes and dislikes may sometimes seem illogical, but to balance that she usually has a remarkable sense of intuition. Wylla never would have married Weston; she told me that she instinctively turned him down, without any very strong reason, and I was thankful she stuck by her decision. She loves George, and she'll be happy with him, as any good woman is with the man she loves and marries. Could your scheme do more than that? Now I must run along," and she was upstairs before I could even answer. Say, she's what I call an exceptionally fine, sensible girl. What was I kicking about? Things are better now than I could have fixed them. Yes, and she called me Billy! Hmmm! Why couldn't I have known her five years ago?

Wylla and George had a quiet, sweet wedding, the kind of affair she always appeared to advantage in. When they were boarding the train for the Coast, she smiled quizzically and said to me,"Be good, Billy!" Funny!

It wasn't the exciting story you expected, now was it? But Wylla claims I'm backsliding, and that the story is only half told. There really isn't much more, though. With Wylla gone I realized that I was actually lonesome, for she had been the life of the house. So I took a little trip to Carthage last month during my vacation time, and talked things over with Ella Roberts. With her usual intelligence she saw what I lacked to make life livable. I already knew that, but I also knew that she filled the bill to a T, and before she had time to think, she had just naturally answered "Yes." That's all, and we'll be mighty glad to have you drop in as soon as the furniture comes.

ADD FAMOUS COMEBACKS

EDITOR'S NOTE—This actual experience of an Illinois alumnus of whom even the youngest freshman has probably heard, is a real human document. And in addition to being very readable, it has a genuine message for that other half which struggles under big odds and for the freshman who can now avoid the necessity of having to "come back".

FOUR years ago last June my parents in a little Ohio town received a note, written on the best stationery of the Council of Administration, which began: "I am very sorry to inform you....." You know the kind.

After two years of work—a misnomer (attendance would be a better word)—I was relegated to the discard by the University as a mental misfit, an incompetent, one not justifying the expenditure of money and educational effort on the part of the state of Illinois and its servants on the faculty.

Nothing, I think, ever hurt those folks of mine quite so much as that notification that I was mentally below par, with no takers at that. Even my father who had disapproved of my selection of a school and of an agricultural course found no joy in an "I told you so." I think he had hoped that I would sew his judgment up and prove that he was mistaken.

It mattered only a little to dad that I had wasted almost enough money to buy the five-acre truck farm on the edge of town, which he had wanted for so long. He could stick to the store for a couple of years more. What was important was

that I had frivoled away two years of unrivaled opportunity, taken, according to common standards, from the choicest part of my life. I was no more able to reach real success than I had been when I graduated from high school; in fact two years of idleness had taken away much of the stamina that I came to college with.

And now for the pleasanter story. A year ago last June those parents of mine came from Ohio, spent a wonderful three days on the campus which I had enjoyed for four years and saw me pass, with hundreds of others, across sixty feet of stage to receive the roll of parchment which was my pardon for the two wasted years and the reward of two very active ones; the canceled note of the "For value received for which I promise to pay....." which I was so late in redeeming.

There is the beginning and the climax of my story; here is the end, so far, at least, as I know it now:

There is one payment made on that five acres and a younger brother has joined the ranks of Illini, mostly because I am able to foot a part of the bills. What happened between the apparent close of my college days and the real end is to me a great romance. To others it is probably only a little human interest story. But if there is anything to be learned from that human interest story, here it is and I shall be glad if it helps.

Maybe the young brother will see it and know *why* he is at Illinois, in addition to *how*. And besides, this is the first time the story has been told. Those few who know the real truth of the two worth-while years know it only from what they have casually observed, and that is only the small part.

My last two years at Illinois were, to me, a tremendous success. Writing anonymously I think I may be able to prove this and to say a few things which will indicate that the lot and the draw of men who combine earning with learning need not be grim, uncolored or unsuccessful.

I landed at school in the fall after I had decided to "come back," with eleven dollars, (stalling the University off for my tuition and getting books charged), decent enough clothes, a bad rep with every dean and professor I knew and a mighty and righteous determination to see things through. I was going to graduate and do it creditably; I was going to do it on my own money and it was going to be a joyous experience. In this last determination lay my salvation, although at the time I could not have called it much more than a proud and selfish ambition.

I had seen too many men who were working as I intended to do, go through school, apparently oblivious of their surroundings, acquiring no training other than from their classes and hard work, knowing few people, ignorant of social pleasures and refinement, warped and shriveled collegians for whom one had more pity than admiration; with whom I could not bring myself to be classed, mostly because I felt it unnecessary. There would be no constant friction between my nose and the grindstone. Do not understand that I wished to be a butterfly, a campus idol, or to repeat my experiences of the first two years. I simply wanted some of that training that is supposed to accompany a University education.

I got it. I left school well known. I think I could call fifteen hundred men by name; I knew hundreds more, though less intimately. Two of my best friends were professors whom I deliberately cultivated in an effort to make them reverse their early decisions of me. I succeeded: they both told me so voluntarily. I held a rather important student activity office during the second semester of my junior year, I did a little in dramatics and athletics, I was made a member of one of the leading fraternities late in my junior year. The fraternity membership was an ex post facto honor? Let it be that. There is a

deal more satisfaction in convincing a fraternity that one is worth-while, than in being taken on suspicion of potential possibilities as a freshman.

I fussed a little—in fact during those two years I cultivated the friendship of the Illinois girl I am to marry in another year. I went to dances, not as much as I formerly had, but a little, and to occasional formals. I saw most of the games, I took in those that I could of the better entertainments and concerts offered. I enjoyed lectures and recitals whenever I had the time.

And—most creditable of all—I passed my work and graduated with reasonable credit. That was my idea of a well balanced college course; that is what I went after and what I achieved.

I did it of course on my own resources. After the colossal failure I had made, I would have been a weakling to have accepted anything from home. They did my laundry for me, paying the postage one way, and sent me ten dollars every Christmas and birthday.

How did I do it? That is a mere detail; I couldn't enumerate the economies I employed or the varied sources of income. I have purposely left stamps off of letters and let the friend at the other end of the line curse my carelessness, to save the last of my pile until I had another pay day. I have sold old papers and junk to the junk man and pennants and magazine subscriptions to students. I have put in many an hour doing clerical work for the University and I have dressed up information in new bulletins of the College of Agriculture into readable articles for farm papers—considerable achievement. I worked summer and winter, never taking a vacation, never going home. I attended both summer schools to make up for past failures.

I have never waited on tables—it doesn't pay—and you don't have to do it if you have reasonable accomplishments and initiative; with these acquirements you can get something which will be more pleasant and more profitable. I chose jobs which were as interesting as possible and where the time required was not excessive. I think I did not average less than thirty-five cents an hour for the work I did. The magazine work lifted the average considerably, but I tried never to work for less than the conventional two bits. The largest source of income was a straight fifteen dollar a month job. I don't tell you what that was; the kid brother has it now and he needs it.

So you see it wasn't so bad. Of course I could make you pity me if I should tell you of many petty economies, many things I gave up and many discouraged hours I put in, but I want you to feel the way I feel about it. It was a glorious experience—as I see it now—although there were black spots then, occasionally.

And was it worth it all? Is it worth while to redeem one's self in the eyes of the best folks in the world; to command some respect from skeptical deans and professors; to be a prominent alumnus of the University of Illinois—the alumni quarterly has called me that—? And what about jumping from a fifty-five dollar a month job to a hundred and five dollar position in two years?

And although it is uncomfortable and unfortunate to have slipped and to have failed, there's a world of satisfaction in being able to come back and score in the last quarter.

The Third of A Series of Photographs of Faculty Homes

The Home of Prof. Harry G. Paul
713 West Oregon St.
Urbana

Simple and dignified in design and furnishing, the home of Professor Harry G. Paul, 713 West Illinois street, Urbana, stands as probably the best example of pure colonial architecture in the Twin Cities. From the charming little formal entrance porch at the front, to the bright sun room overlooking the hedge-enclosed garden at the rear, the house breathes absolute fidelity to the best tradition in design and furnishings.

The living room occupying the entire west side of the house is in white enamel and mahogany and furnished in real colonial heirlooms. The walls are papered a light figured gray, in keeping with the design of the room. The fireplace, the most interesting detail of the room, is shown here.

The hall, shown above, is long and wide with a beautiful stair, a gate-legged table and a grandfather clock the features of interest. A glimpse of the sun room is seen beyond.

TWO YEARS HENCE

K. D. PULCIPHER

IF someone asked you to tell about Illinois in general and the University of Illinois in particular, you could probably regale your questioner for hours with the wealth and health, the fertility and productiveness, the wisdom and accomplishments of the Sucker state, but what would you do if someone asked you what Illinois meant?

The answer is all in what you just told about. Illinois has simply been living up to her reputation. It was indeed a formidable order when, years ago, Father Hennepin, who ought to know if anyone ever did, defined Illinois like this: "Illinois comes from the Indian Illini, signifying a complete, finished and perfect Man, imbued with the spirit and bravery of the men of every nation that ever lived."

And Illinois has lived up to the task set for her.

Two years hence Illinois will be 100 years old and her most notable child, the University of Illinois, will celebrate her own fiftieth birthday. Fifty years old! Insignificant beside the several hundred anniversaries already passed by Harvard and Yale, perhaps,—but what a record, even at fifty.

"Imbued with the spirit of every nation!" That is typically Illinois. Every year somebody takes the trouble to count up the number of Egyptians, Siamese, Assyrians and Lithuanians there are at the University, and then we realize that the scope of Illinois is more than that of a mere state university.

The history of the University is a tale of hardship and uncertainty ofttimes, but progress withal. Even yet we can see the line around old Uni Hall, just above the first story, where Illinois Loyalty once failed—the only time on record,—the time when funds gave out and the half-built structure was covered with boards and tarpaulin so that classes could be held in the completed rooms.

And now we are preparing to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of that cosmopolitan institution, a world-university, the gift of Illinois to the universe. Two years from this fall, the greatest Homecoming in history will be the siren call that will bring the University's sons and daughters back to the old hunting ground. One loyal son came back this year from Alaska, another was here from China, but in the fall of 1918, hundreds of Illinois' strong men will flock to the campus from the four corners of the earth.

Ordinary Homecomings will pale into the insignificance of a puppet show before the grandeur and scope of a three-day semi-centennial celebration that will mark the fiftieth milestone in the path of progress. Three days of pageantry, assemblies, parades and convocations! Even Zuppke's twentieth century Indians, famous for gridiron surprise attacks and nerve-racking football battles, will lose something of their attraction before the greater realization of the birthday of our Alma Mater.

It is only a happen-so that the semi-centennial of the University and the centennial of the state fall in the same year. The semi-centennial celebration of the University will be a strictly University affair, however, although some of the features may bear on the state anniversary as well. Centennial celebrations are already being planned over the state but the University wants something of its own.

So on October 18, 19 and 20, 1918, the University will celebrate her semi-centennial anniversary. The usual annual Home-

coming will be dispensed with that fall. In its stead, grads and undergrads will gather in reverence and honor to their Alma Mater.

The life history of Illinois reads like a fairy tale, from the days of Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, Henry de Tonty and Father Marquette to the era of Marshall Field, J. Ham Lewis, Edmund J. James, Lorado Taft and scores of other explorers and apostles in modern wildernesses.

The exact date of the opening of the University was March 11, 1868, but the celebration promoters decided that a better time for holding the festival could be found in the fall. Already tentative plans have been worked out by the general semi-centennial celebration committee, which is headed by Professor H. J. Barton. Associated with him in the supervisory work are Professors E. B. Greene, W. G. Hale, J. C. Blair, C. R. Richards and H. L. Rietz. Their co-operation will mean the staging of the biggest celebration that the University has ever seen, a celebration which will emulate a half-century of progress in learning and labor.

There is an easy way to find that record if you want to look it up. All the forgotten professors of unknown departments, all the obscure appropriations, all the acts of state legislatures, all the minutes of councils of administration and discipline committees are to be found recorded somewhere. Stack them all up together and you have a mausoleum of fascinating facts.

Such records may probably be found back in a corner of the 167th stack in the 17th aisle on the fourth floor of the Library, but nobody wants to bother to hunt them up. So the tale of Illinois will be told in pageantry without any dusty folios or yellowed statistics.

The committee has not yet decided just what sort of a pageant will be held. Just how many minutes of each day will be occupied in depicting the growth of the University is a matter of detail; the committee will hire an expert to look after that. Already several pageant-masters have been in conference with members of the committee and negotiations are now being carried on with various directors of note who have successfully staged huge productions of a similar nature elsewhere. When the director is selected, he will make an intensive study of the University, he will come to the University to live, he will breathe the atmosphere, he will be saturated with Illinois, and from the depth of his study will come the nucleus of the pageant history. The breath of Illinois will instill life into its mechanical form and it will scintillate with the splendor of rigorous health. The "spirit and bravery" of the "strong man."

Last spring the University witnessed a pageant on Illinois Field, this fall Yale saw a mighty celebration in the Yale Bowl, but the Illinois semi-centennial will have no such back-ground. Wooden or concrete bleachers may be suitable surroundings for feats of athletic prowess, but the rise of an educational monument should be depicted against the stately surroundings which it symbolizes. The columned facade of the Woman's building, the memorial tablets of Lincoln Hall, the tenement house fire escapes of University Hall and the stone pillars of the Auditorium, then, will form a back-ground for the history of Illinois in pageantry. The campus quadrangle will see something more than the unfamiliar gown of the Senior and the master's garb of the philologist—it will see the copper-skinned Illini, the black-robed Jesuit, the gallant Frenchman and it will see the whole succession of human cogs that have turned the wheel of state, about which revolved the belt that has urged on the University machinery in the work which it was to accomplish.

Then there will be the clash between the modern football Indians and the Staggmen from the Northland, for two years

hence the tribe from the banks of the great waters will again invade the plains of the Illini. And there will be many, many pow-wows, many, many councils where chieftains will smoke the pipe of peace and plenty with their sons. And there will be war-dances and games and a great feast of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit who has guided the footsteps of the Illini through fifty years of progress and accomplishment.

But not the least event in this semi-centennial Homecoming will be the sagacious words of advice which will be dealt out by the older chief to the young bucks. The committee in charge is planning to send out invitations to noted educators the world over, urging them to gather in the interest of this great cosmopolitan university. Convocations and conferences will bring speakers of international reputation to the campus at Illinois. The celebration will mark the gathering of one of the greatest conclaves of educators in the world, if the hopes of the committee are realized.

Yet in all this presentation of scholarly attainment, Illinois herself is not to be omitted. She has contributed her share to the world's storehouse of wisdom, and on the occasion of her fiftieth anniversary Illinois will make her most auspicious gift to the world. A series of learned and scholarly works, such as has never been assembled heretofore in the land of the Illini, will be brought forth on this occasion. And aside from this notable series, numerous independent works, among which is an exhaustive history of the University, will be in readiness to appear simultaneously with the advent of the semi-centennial.

Planning such a celebration is a big task, of course. What has already been outlined is but the beginning of the work that rests upon the shoulders of the general committee. Under its direction, however, various sub-committees will be the means of assembling the whole. And when the whole is assembled, Illinois wants all her sons and daughters to see it. The Homecoming call is sounded yearly, but in 1918 it will be different, so a special committee of persuaders will entice the whole scattered tribe back to the land of peace and plenty, that they may bask in the warmth of the old camp fire. At the head of this scouting party in charge of seeking the straying ones, will be George Russell Carr, '01, of Chicago. A committee representing the four corners of the country will assist him in the assembling of the tribe and 1918 should witness the accomplishment of the dreams of Illinois Union presidents for years past—the GREATEST Homecoming, and (don't say it out loud) perhaps even a Union Building.

So Illinois is planning her golden wedding anniversary. Fifty years of a union of labor and learning with the state have brought a marvellous result.

The story of the growth of Illinois is a miraculous thing and so, with the edifices of education as our back-ground, we will look upon the symbolic history of the University of Illinois against the slabs in memoriam of that great educator of humanity. There will be new inspiration in the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the man who signed the bill that made possible the University of Illinois. Perhaps it is that memory that has made the University go always forward, never backward. And perhaps the attitude of service to the state, the attitude of service to the world, is merely the reflection of the idea that there broods over Illinois the spirit of a certain tall, gaunt man; a man with sad and tender eyes; a man more vitally alive, though long dead, than any man living today. He, indeed, was the emulation of the "complete, finished and perfect Man". It is his spirit that Illinois follows today and the semi-centennial of that spirit that she will celebrate two years hence.

LOOKING BACKWARD

WE see certain circular contortions of dope; we see certain surprises, both pleasant and disappointing; we see certain new figures appearing and certain old ones passing—in considering the 1916 football season in retrospect.

In the Big Nine Conference there were some shake-ups in the ratings of the constituent colleges insofar as athletics is concerned. Northwestern, a school that has never had a Conference championship football team nor claimed any kind of a flag since 1892, is a contender for the Big Nine supremacy, only to be beaten out in the final struggle by Ohio, the youngster team of the group. Minnesota, heralded as the fastest football aggregation the West has seen in a decade, fails to deliver against Illinois in a somewhat freakish game — from the Gopher viewpoint. Stagg's team plays in erratic style, a criticism which might be applied to Illinois in a certain measure. Doctor Withington beats Chicago by 30 points and ties Illinois, and yet gives Minnesota a lead of 54 points on a shut-out fiasco. Illinois loses to Ohio and Chicago but beats Minnesota, whose team has previously beaten Iowa overwhelmingly and Iowa has beaten Purdue. And Illinois beats Purdue. Dope, Dope, and there is no dope!

The bucket was also lop-sided in the East. Yale came up from behind and beat the Crimson for the first time in seven years. Tad Jones, a new head coach, although scarcely unfamiliar with Eli tactics, wrought a revival of Yale strength which the so-called peerless Haughton failed to out-guess. Predictions on the Yale-Harvard game can be based on only one thing, and that is the relative success of the respective teams against Princeton. In other games the substitute line-ups represent the big schools, for fear that some Horween, Casey, Black, or Legore might be injured. This willingness to lose the minor games is rather beyond the understanding of followers of the Big Nine, but the situation is so vastly different in the East. The fans have been educated into discounting the scores which minor colleges run up on Yale and Harvard. Westerners can't swallow their pride to that extent.

It is doubtful if there is a team in the East that can beat Pittsburg. Glenn Warner, whose name will always be connected with old Cornell victories and with Carlisle teams, went to Pittsburg two years ago. He was undefeated last season, and he has glued that university to the football map. Pittsburg doesn't have a chance to play against the first string of Yale and Harvard, but this may be explained by more than one reason.

Withington looked as if he were going to put out a winning team when his Badgers beat Chicago 30 to 0. Few followers expected him to give the Harvard system so thoroughly in the first season that he could resist the time-honored wiles of Stagg. Of course the Ohio and Minnesota games didn't support the new theory and Withington is not without enemies. He has been criticised for sending his team to Columbus while he witnessed the Minnesota-Illinois contest. He might have been able to win the game from the Buckeyes—the score was 14-13. There is some question, however, as to whether Withington should be subjected to censure on that point. From among his staff of assistants, which includes Soucy, Doherty and King—a trio of Crimson stars—he should be able to pick someone who is capable of making substitutions during a game. If he doesn't instruct the substitutes when they go into the line-up any more than

Zuppke does, his direction from the bench would not be missed much either, but the council between halves might be more valuable if the chief coach were on the job. And then there is the morale which is created by the absence of the head coach—the nucleus of the team and of the play. Withington is probably duly penitent, and it will be unfortunate if the Badger followers harbor any ill-feeling on the matter.

Howard Jones, the new coach at Iowa, is a brother of Tad, of Yale. He has a 68 point shut-out from Minnesota against his record, but Chicago and Wisconsin, with 49 and 54, are almost as bad. If Howard can do as much for Iowa as Tad has done for Yale, the Jones brothers will be remembered for a long, long time.

Ewald Stiehm's best showing in his first year at Indiana was made against the mighty Tufts aggregation. The easterners won from Harvard earlier in the season, and Indiana held them to a 10-12 score at Indianapolis. The personnel of the Tufts team in the two games must, of course, be considered. Stiehm's record at Nebraska is all in his favor. During the five years in which he coached the Cornhuskers he was defeated twice. Minnesota won from him in the first two seasons of his administration at Lincoln.

The season started in a blaze for Illinois when Kansas was defeated by a 30-0 score. The Jayhawkers were billed to give the Zupmen a better fight than the usual early games afford, and when the score was counted over, the hopes of the Illinois rooters ascended again. Many people predicted that in spite of the loss of Pogue, Clark, Watson, Squier and Brenneman—the biggest constellation of football stars that ever left Illinois at one time—Zuppke would turn out a championship eleven. Perhaps few of these people realized what a miracle they were calling upon their coach to perform. At any rate the Kansas game made everyone feel better.

Colgate's victory didn't bring so much grief to Illinois. Anyone who knows the status of Colgate in eastern football and the conditions and rules under which the squad is handled must expect Illinois to be handicapped. The easterners played a wonderful game and their additional weeks of coaching were what won the contest for them. Members of the Colgate squad say that Illinois would probably have beaten them if the latter had been given two weeks more practice.

Some of us have not yet succeeded in convincing ourselves that Ohio State should have won from Illinois. The Buckeyes were visibly outplayed through three periods, only to win in the last few minutes of the struggle. As was the case in the other games on Illinois Field, the breaks went to the visitors—probably not entirely out of courtesy, however. Considerable comment might also be made on the direction of the play during Ohio's final smash at the end of the game. If Ohio had been the same distance from the Illinois goal in an earlier stage of the last period, Wilce might not have felt free to send a new man in for every play. We have no way of knowing, but from appearances it is apparent that the Buckeye attack during the last few minutes was directed from the bench through the messengers who relieved the regular line-up on the field. This is, of course, perfectly legitimate, but certain coaches do not make use of it. Zuppke, for instance, says, "Let them fight it out on the field." This feature of the Ohio play is not to be severely criticised but it doesn't appeal to Illinois fans.

Ohio's schedule did not include Chicago or Minnesota, so perhaps the Buckeyes did not have to play the best team in the Conference. Minnesota's record isn't spotless, by virtue of a famous upset of the dope can, but Minnesota might have beaten Ohio. Nevertheless, the best recommendation any team can present in bidding for a championship is a record which does not show a defeat, and for that reason the

right of the Ohioans to claim the Big Nine flag must go unchallenged.

The Purdue excursion was satisfactory to Illinois in every respect. O'Donnell is now carrying on a campaign among Purdue alumni to attract more good athletic talent to the Boilermaker school. O'Donnell's record is not so bad for his first year, although he was beaten by Iowa, also coached by a new man.

Zuppke outguessed Williams in the Minnesota-Illinois game. Minnesota expected to literally run away with the score. The 1915 championship was still undecided. Williams had a squad of veterans from which to develop a team which should have been superior to his 1915 gang. But Illinois went up there—not beaten—but champing for a fight. When the final whistle blew there had been one of the most sensational reverses of dope that football fans have seen in some time. One of the effects of that memorable game will be that there will never again be any betting at long odds.

The Homecoming contest was a disappointment to the Homecomers especially. The Illinois eleven did not play up to form. Minnesota's defeat had fired the old grads with more enthusiasm than ever, and to see their own team beaten by the ancient foe from the Midway was little short of awful. It was an "off" day for Illinois and an "on" day for Chicago.

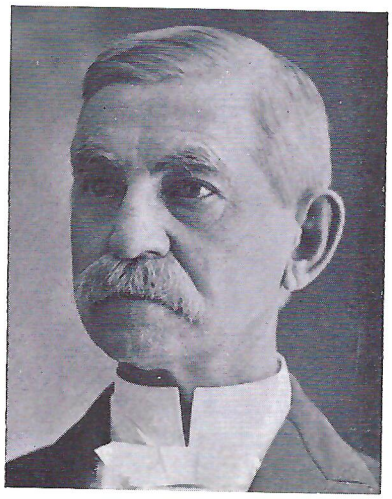
To Mr. Stagg must be given the credit. Many critics say that he has comparatively inferior material and that he must always supply the deficiency himself. His creative powers were certainly taxed this year. Even in the Carleton College game the Maroons failed to win after showing every thing they had. Again after the Northwestern game the Old Man was compelled to devise new formations for his team. In every game Chicago gave up her entire repertoire to win. Although the Maroon team cannot boast of a marvelous record for the season, the coach certainly deserves some praise for being able to keep his squad supplied with plays.

The Madison game brought forth nothing. The condition of the field lowered both teams to such a degree of inefficiency that neither could show its merit. The ball was in Wisconsin territory almost all of the time, but the mud kept the backs from getting under way and from evading the tacklers. Illinois made first down five times as often as Wisconsin, and yet the score was a blank tie.

The Illinois season has shown certain features which are new to most of the present student population. Never before during the Zuppke regime has the play centered around one man to such an extent. When there was a Pogue there was also a Clark and a Shobinger. To Potsy must be given the credit of directing a wonderful series of games, but he was not required to execute them single-handed to the extent that Macomber was this year. Bart's position is primarily at half-back, where his talents show best. As a quarterback he may not have been the equal of Clark, but as a general football player there can be no question about his value. All during the season the team was playing around Bart. Without him it is hard to say what the Illinois record would have been. Luck has also been on Bart's calling list. Clark had a broken jaw and various other injuries; Pogue's ankle bothered last season; and in the case of other star players we find them out of the game occasionally, but Macomber's record shows that he has been almost immune from serious injury.

The team will lose Stewart, Ross, Petty, Nelson, Strauch, Anderson and Macomber by graduation. The freshman varsity will have to make up for the loss of these men and to what extent they will help out is, as always, quite a question. Jones has little opportunity to develop any individual players while he has them in charge, so he cannot predict brilliant futures for any of his freshmen.

We Hand It To—



CAPTAIN THOMAS J. SMITH

Because as a young retired captain of the Union army, as a newly-established lawyer, as a trustee and as a citizen, he has been an ever interested friend of the University; because his recent gift of a quarter of a million dollars for the Tina Weedon Smith Memorial Music Hall is the first great gift of a citizen of Illinois to his state through the University and because he is the first to hope that some other friend with a newer and more handsome gift, may soon make it necessary to qualify his honored title of Illinois' greatest benefactor by the prefixing of the words "one of."

ALBERT AUSTIN HARDING

Because he didn't let a degree in engineering interfere with his desire to be a musician and because stress of teaching and directing couldn't prevent him from taking his degree in music at the old school; because he knows what to play and when not to play it and because the University of Illinois never had a greater advertisement than that "greatest college band in America."

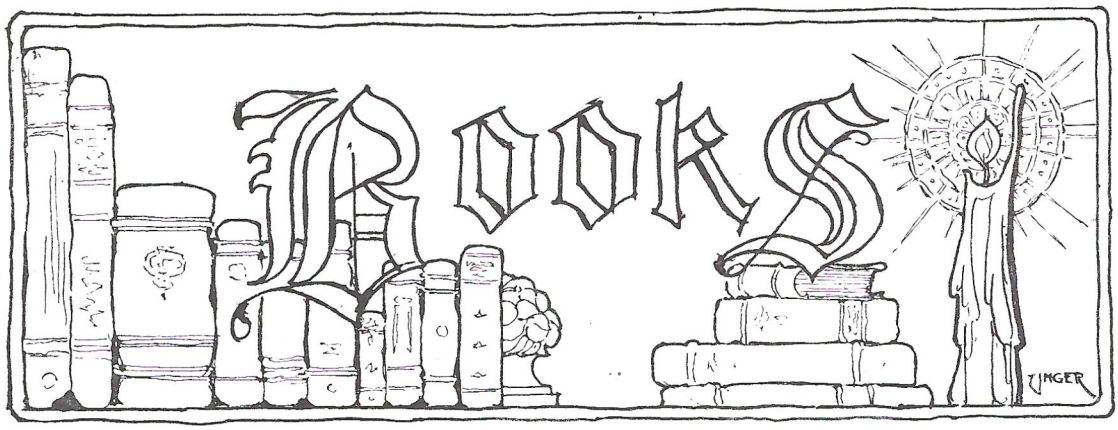
We Hand It To—

JUSTUS WATSON FOLSOM

Because he's just "Doc" to everyone on the campus; because in him we find that rare combination—a good teacher and a good fellow; because we like his songs; because he rides a motorcycle and because there is no more popular man or profound scholar on the faculty of the University of Illinois.

CHARLES M. McCONN

Because he's the quiet power behind a big mahogany desk and a row of push-buttons, directing the activities of that important department of the University's work — the Registrar's office; because he has clipped several thousand dollars off the University's expense budget with his time-table system of registration, which has every other school in the country beat—hospital reports notwithstanding—and because he will probably go himself one better sometime and do it again.



A new phase of Rabindranath Tagore's versatile genius is revealed to the American public for the first time as the poet and dramatist appears in the role of short story writer. The volume of stories recently translated and published gives us a vivid glimpse of Indian life and thought. But since Tagore wrote them first for his own people and not for foreigners, there is no strained attempt to make them reek with "Indian atmosphere". The background, however interesting, remains background; and the stories depend for their chief interest upon the simple directness of the narration, and upon powerful character delineation. Excepting for the casual mention of "jingling anklets" and "caste" and "sandal paste", the scene of the stories might be laid anywhere, so universal are their themes. *The Homecoming,* a story of a homesick fourteen-year-old boy, is as true of Tom Jones as of Phatik. And in *The Babus of Nayanjore,* one of the cleverest of narrative portraits, we see a type of "decayed gentleman" known throughout the world. The only one of the stories which could properly be called an "atmosphere" story is *The Hungry Stones,* (under which title the volume appears) which pictures with consummate art the irresistible romantic appeal of an ancient and deserted pleasure palace.

New York, Macmillan, $1.35.

—C. N.

H. G. Wells has added another to his his list of truly notable war books in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* Just as he prophesied a remarkable forecast of the great European war in *What is Coming?,* he gives us a remarkable picture of what did come in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* But it is not a tale of horrible conditions at the front; it is the story of a deplorable condition at home and how Mr. Britling and his family made an intellectual discovery of God.

"Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and has been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end." That was Mr. Britling's conviction as a result of the war, expressed in his own words.

The scene of the book is laid in a typical English country home, "Matching's Easy". Here we see Mr. Brittling, who is a writer, and his family at work and at play. We discover the inner life, a comfortable paganism, with no thought of God. And the situation is again typical—the feeling that religion is a thing of restraints until the bloody paw of war wipes out that comfortable existence. The war comes. The things on which life had been built are swept away. We see the typical changes in social and economic life. Then, in the great crisis of life, men turn to God.

Mr. Britling's letter to the German father of Heinrich is a wonderful document of human interest that shows a deep-

er realization of the meaning of war than the mere loss of life and the destruction of property. War means that "the whole fabric of our civilization" is being destroyed.—K. D. P.

Macmillan, New York, 1916. ($1.50)

In the preparation of *Poems of The Great War,* an anthology of the best verses in English dealing with the vast struggle now raging in Europe, Professor J. W. Cunliffe of Columbia has done students of contemporary poetry a real service. Incidentally the volume is the best possible refutation of the general statements one so often hears to the effect that this war, unlike other wars, has utterly failed to inspire great poetry. The book contains approximately one hundred and fifty poems, no two of which are by the same author. English and American poems predominate but there is no lack of colonial verses. The Canadian, Australian, and native Indian poets, as Tagore, have each done their bit and some of the bits are by no means small from the literary standpoint. There are no translations and there is a decided pro-Ally tone throughout. One might wish that Harold Begbie's *Neutral?* had been omitted, for its sentiment is not pleasing to the average American and artistically it is not worth the candle. Joyce Kilmer's *The White Ships and The Red* and Edith Thomas' *Said Attilla The Hun* are perhaps more partisan than one would wish, (both poets are American), yet there is enough art for justification. Taken all in all, however, when one reflects that the Belgian scholarship committee is in great part responsible for its appearance, the anthology has steered clear of propaganda in commendable fashion. People of intense pro-German sympathies are not apt to buy a book of English war poems just now, so there need be little fear of its giving offense to many of its readers. The subjective, highly personal note predominates in the great number of the poems just as it does in most of the prose work influenced by the war. The humorous is not altogether lacking, although, as might be expected, there is a fine seriousness underlying even the lighter works. The value of Professor Cunliffe's work will doubtless grow with the passing of time and the development of a keener appreciation of all which this war means to literature and the other arts.—M. S. G.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1916. ($1.50).

The love of universal beauty and the joy of open country and the long road have found an intensely poetic interpretation in Vachel Lindsay's *Handy Guide for Beggars, (Especially Those of the Poetic Fraternity.)* It is a prose work, yet in poetic spirit and in sheer beauty of phrase and thought, it surpasses any poetry that Mr. Lindsay has written. There is a quality about it somewhat reminiscent of Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey;* of Maurice Hewlett's *Open Country* and *Halfway House,* and of some of Kenneth Grahame's *Pagan Papers.* Yet all these are English, while a distinguishing Americanism pervades the *Handy Guide For Beggars;* a sort of broadness essentially of the New World. The book is not to be laid aside until finished when once opened by one in sympathy with Mr. Lindsay's worship of universal loveliness, a worship which, though in some degree pagan, is not carried to the extremes of Neo-Paganism; even for the Puritan he has an understanding and affectionate sympathy. The book is a chronicle of a tramping trip through the southeastern states and in New Jersey and Pennsylvania and the author swears to the verity of ninety-nine per cent of the incidents recorded. These are not marvelous in themselves, nor even unusual, but become transformed into tales from fairyland through rare power of poetic interpretation. Whether it is of his experiences or of his dreams that Mr. Lindsay writes, of roads drying in the sun after

(*Continued on page* 140)

The Illinois Magazine

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HAZEN L. ALBAUGH - - - - - - - - - - - - *Business Manager*

Volume 8 DECEMBER, 1916 Number 3

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Published monthly by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Office, University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscription, 75 cents per year. Out of town subscriptions, one dollar. Single copies, ten cents.

BY THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY—AND OTHER RIGHTS

There is satisfaction in the Council of Administration's decision that the annual post exam jubilee shall, as heretofore, be given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, for there was much that savored of childishness in recent agitation to divert the profits of this production to the treasury of the Illinois Union.

To begin with, the jubilee is the Y's by right of discovery. We who as a student body periodically complain of Illinois' lack of traditions, should move slowly when an effort is made to outlaw another custom. If there is anything to the old sayings that "finder is keeper" and "possession is nine points etc.," then the Y. M. C. A. wins the first round.

Again, there is little in the argument these days that a place is "far away." South America, the land which is receiving five hundred dollars from the profits of the annual celebration, is not far away. Neither, for that matter, is China or Arabia or any other country that happens to take up space on the globe. Progress and war and a number of things have woven a new internationalism which the world is beginning to grasp. "Too far away" is a poor argument against giving. It falls especially flat in a university community.

The organization in question has not wished to embarrass the University, the recipient of the annual donation and others by correcting a number of inaccurate impressions which have been created during the small discussion recently precipitated. The fact of the matter is that no wealthy city in Brazil or Argentine or any other South American country has been receiving any of the thousand admission fees sent from here each February.

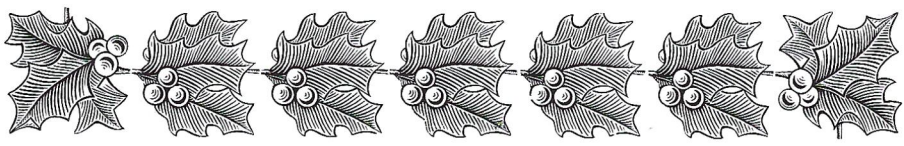
What is done is this: Willingly or unwillingly, as the case may be, Illinois has contributed this sum, not to equip swimming pools or dormitories in a marble building in a rich city, but to help support a missionary, a traveling missionary, in an almost forgotten little country of Montevideo. The missionary's salary is not exorbitant. He, a University man, is working there—has been working for years—on less salary than many men now in school are spending every college year. His work is not among the social elite of the country; it is with that other half which most people are willing to delegate to the care of someone else.

That is the work this man has been trying to carry on and in which Illinois has been contributing. It isn't a lot. Yale and Harvard and Princeton with their missions in foreign countries each provides for an entire staff, with teachers and medical missionaries. And find a Yale man who isn't proud of the work.

The Illinois Union needs a building. It will get a building and it will get it considerably quicker if no more illguided movements like this one are started in its behalf.

There are many policies of the Y. M. C. A., locally and universally, much more vulnerable to attack. Why step on the best thing the association does?

And while we are about it, just why is all this agitation against posters on suit-cases? Have we seniors so easily forgotten our first trip home? If there are any of you who did not take along at least one suit-case bedecked with posters you missed something that life was holding out to you free of charge. After all, the true Illini feel a strong pride in their University, and in themselves, since they are a part of it. Let's not be too hard on the under-classmen. By doing so, we are posting "stickers of superiority" all over ourselves. They enjoy it, and there is no real harm in the practice.



HOOFING IT AT PLATTSBURG

T. T. McEVOY

A little jolt, the train stopped, and we were on the government military reservation at Plattsburg. It was about 4:30 a. m., but the whole camp was astir with the incoming rookies. The regulars had been up since two o'clock preparing for us and before eleven of the same day five thousand business and college men had been fed, and had deposited their money with the government, and in return had received receipts for a month's board and their entire equipment. The necessities for a soldiers domestic life are simple, consisting of blankets, a cot, half a shelter tent, rifle, bayonet, cartridge box, pack carrier, pack, poncho, knife, fork, spoon, and meat can. By eleven that morning every man had also been assigned to a company and a tent and permanently settled for "thirty days".

"Right Shoulder, Harms!"

After the rush of the morning one had a chance to rest and to consider his surroundings. The camp is situated in the most historic and picturesque section of northern New York. To the east is Lake Champlain, one of nature's play grounds, offering ideal opportunities for swimming and canoeing. Across the lake are the foothills of the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont. On all sides as far as the eye can reach are dense woods and hills outcropping here and there, terminating in far-off mountains.

Everything bespoke history. Here was Fort Ticonderoga, made famous by Ethan Allen; here the Green Mountains of Vermont, renowned by Stark and Mollie Pitcher; here Lake Champlain which has filled history's pages since the discovery of America; here historic Lake George. Every little town had a monument to the men who fought during the Revolution, and it seemed indeed fitting that here, where our ancestors fought and died, the young and old of the country should gather to prepare themselves to defend the same country in case of an emergency.

It was interesting to note the various types of men who responded to the military impulse and to a desire to become efficient soldiers. Here was a group of college men, all about twenty-two; there several millionaires; here the mayor of a great city, a big magnate, a small town grocer, a financier and perhaps ten of his clerks—they were all serving shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, each the other's equal.

The first day was merely a preparation for the month's work, that is, they let us rest, but the second day saw us well started at the bottom of the ladder with the fundamentals of military drill, a desire to become good soldiers, and a strict daily program.

The rookies' day began at 5:45 with

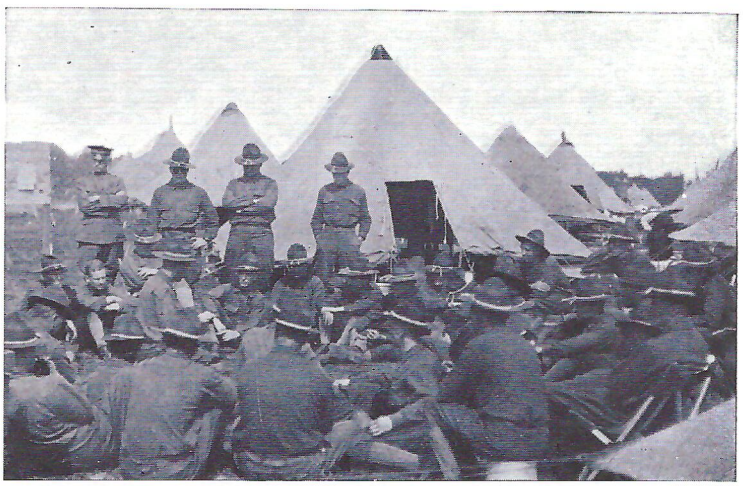
first call with reveille at 5:55, when the day's program was announced. Mess followed soon at 6:25 and there was only time to get ready for the meal and get camp in shape for the day's work. After breakfast there was nothing to do until drill at 7:10 except make up the bunks, clean the guns, roll the packs and tidy up the temporary home.

Drill lasted until half an hour before mess. This little breathing space after the morning of strenuous drill or hiking was the time for a duck in the lake and a cool swim. After an hour's rest at noon, drill was again sounded and there were more marches and counter-marches and drills and formations until 4:30, when we rested until supper, with the exception of a half hour's final session with the guns just before the welcome call for grub.

In the evening there were lectures, usually given by Major General Wood. These talks were very interesting and included nearly every point which would come up in a soldier's career. At 8:15 we were again dismissed and at leisure until 9:30 when the Call to Quarters was sounded. We were supposed to be in our bunks and asleep at 10 when Taps sounded. It was a long and hard program for one day and every one was glad to curl up in a tent and be sound asleep when Taps was blown.

The first two weeks were devoted to the old familiar drills, the mamual of arms, squad movements, facings and company maneuvers in the closed and open order. Eight hours drill a day accomplished wonders and it was marvelous to see what shape the regular army officers whipped these absolutely untrained men into. The men who came as rookies two weeks before were now regular trained soldiers. The minute drill was over they went to their tents and read the drill regulations in order to brush up on the hazy points which were brought to their notice during the day. It was refreshing to note the deep interest in militarism shown by everyone and to realize the total lack of indifference. These grown men were as fascinated by the camp as a little boy with his first pet.

By the end of the second week we had accumulated quite a burden to be borne on our backs. The first day all we had was the rifle. Then the light pack, the blanket, and the remainder of our accouterment was gradually added until we were carrying from fifty to sixty pounds of surplus weight on our shoulders. At the end of a ten mile hike the weight increased to a thousand pounds and was the cause of many a silent grumble. It was really the "White man's burden". The men who had become so soft during months and years of indoor work began to lose weight and become hard as nails. They marched like veterans. One man whom I remember especially lost thirty pounds much to his pleasure as he tipped the scale at 250 the first day. The next few days were devoted to work on the rifle range with the heavy 30-30's. They kicked like a mule unless hugged tight



Nothing To Do 'Til Tomorrow

and then they acted like a pop gun. Illinois had an excellent record on the range with every man qualifying as a Marksman, most of them as Sharpshooters, and one as an Expert Rifleman. When we were at the range work it meant rising at 4:00 a. m. and no let up all day except for dinner. The ranges used were the 2, 3, 5. and 600 yard ranges which have the reputation of being the best in the country.

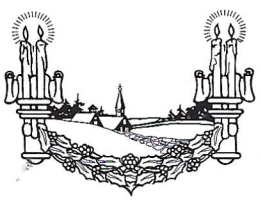
All this time the big chiefs had been consulting and now the route for the great hike was laid out, supplies purchased, and camps located. The first day we left Plattsburg in flat cars to gain experience in entraining. Five thousand men with all their equipment left the camp just as our regular troops did on their way to Mexico. It was an inspiring sight—over sixty flats loaded with cheering soldiers, their company colors waving, and in all respects in fit condition to reinforce the regulars against some enemy. After about twenty miles of travel we were detrained, had a three hour sham battle, drove the enemy off, and pitched our little pup tents. That night we slept on the hard ground with only several inches of straw beneath us. We again started the next morning at 4:00, had breakfast and were on the march by 5:00. From then on it was a big battle —fighting behind fences, rocks and trees. Now down in a ditch, now in a stream, now in the woods, and all this with an ever increasing hunger knawing, knawing, knawing. The sixty pound pack didn't help matters any as far as comfort was concerned, either. That night we pitched camp as the hungriest crew of men that that section of the country had ever housed. For the next six days we fought, slept, ate, and swore in the rain. It didn't stop pouring for a minute of the time, but on the last day when we marched in final review before Major General Wood everything seemed at its best and there was not a man but hated to leave.

This was an experience for any man and gives him in one month the ideas, drill, and manhood that is drummed into the regular army in months of hard, hard toiling. It brings about the realization of what a wonderful organization our army has and also the fallacy in calling "We could raise a million men by sunset" a joke.

The government paid all the expenses for the camp, railroad fares, uniform, and everything else that went with the training.

The following men were at this camp from Illinois:

J. T. Lewis, '17.
M. B. Ware, '17.
T. T. McEvoy, '17.
J. R. Lindsey, '17.
A. C. Ames, '17.
E. R. Brigham, '18.
L. Yeager, '18.
Art Odell, '15.
George Newell, '15.



WHY HAVE A CHRISTMAS VACATION?

Here's One Good Reason; the Best We've Found

MARTIN L. STRAUS

AFTER I had handed in an editorial cataloging and classifying the Council of Administration for giving us thirty-seven (count 'em) extra hours instead of the three or four days every one thought we were going to have for Christmas, the prof in charge of the course thought that an editorial advancing some really good reason for having any Christmas vacation at all, would be a timely subject. I therefore have endeavored to obtain an original undergraduate viewpoint on "Why Have a Christmas Vacation." I resolved that my answer should be snappy, succinct and to the point.

It is obvious that all undergraduates do not hold the same opinion upon the question. What, then, is the viewpoint of the majority? After many interviews with campus headlights and sidelights I began to think that my snappy, succinct to-the-point answer would be unattainable.

In reply to my oft-repeated question, "Why have a Christmas vacation," many answered, "Why to have a big time." Or, again, it might be a large-sized time or a great time, and once or twice blue profanity had to describe the particular brand of a time it would be. All true! But not original! I would keep away from the commonplaces.

Some insisted that the recess was a period of respite sent by the Gods as a sort of catching-up space before the final scramble of examinations. "I'll take my books home, get a lot of time to study, finish my term paper and get my notebook up." Poor deluded mortal. Was there ever a vainer fancy than this foolish catching-up delusion which attacks us annually? I discard the reason; I would be truthful.

Others said "Mental relaxation." Bah! How few of us ever place enough of a tax on our minds during the college year to need mental relaxation? A hotel porter or a newsboy might have brain fever but who ever heard of students with that particular affliction? Anyway that answer is used in defense of playing golf, bridge and billiards. I would not imitate.

"Rest," replied many. Rest! Silly, when we know that the Christmas season is the busiest of the year, socially, at home and that we shall race from luncheons to dinners, from house parties to dances and back again and pull back into town, fagged out and useless for the first three days after that fatal January third.

Then there were many other trivial answers. But why be trivial? I would not.

I racked my brain for a succinct, snappy, to-the-point answer.

Foolish, of course, to try to make excuses for a Christmas vacation. Like all undergraduates I would go home, see the folks, the girl, dance, fuss, and have my own way .

Then the answer came to me. It was not commonplace; it was neither silly nor trivial; it was truthful and it did not imitate. It was the original undergraduate viewpoint.

Then I wrote my snappy succinct, to-the-point answer to the prof's query, "Why have a Christmas vacation?"

"Why to have one great big time."

THE MAN I WANT

This Article by a Prominent University Woman Has Been Awarded First Place in the Contest Opened to University Women for the Best Article on the Above Subject

THERE are few girls who would recognize their ideal men, if they were presented to them in person, for, while every girl has this ideal, she does not measure her likes and dislikes by it. Perfect men do not exist today, and in all probability we should ridicule them if they did. What a farce they would be! To know that wrong was impossible with them would be the height of monotony.

No, give me the man who *is* one, from top to toe, inside and out. He need not prove to me that he can swear, but I should like to believe that he could in case of necessity. I like to know that a man can protect himself from assault too, if necessary. The men who uselessly clutter up our campus with no other evident purpose than to smoke as much or fuss as much as anyone, and to get as many credits as possible without work, are depressing, uninteresting, impossible.

Many men have the mistaken idea that girls like inveterate fussers, because they have pleasing ways and a "good line". Only the other day I heard one co-ed remark:

"My, that man bores me!"

Whereupon her companion exclaimed:

"Why, I don't see how he can, he has such a 'good line' ".

Well, I belong in the class with the first girl. I like to talk sense once in a while. For that reason I like to have a man compliment me by accrediting me with an understanding capable of grasping something besides the latest steps and good times.

I like to find a man who has a fine, broad mind. Such a man has good thoughts. He reveres God. You never hear him speak slightingly of his parents, nor does he prove a poor investment on the money which someone else at the other end of the line is putting out. Many men at school, in order to keep up the pace, spend much more money than they should. Let them wait till they earn their own money. The pleasure will be the sweeter for having been postponed for a while, and the girl, if she is the right kind, will understand.

Men never forget the large forms of courtesy, but I like to see a man courteous in the smaller details. Everyone knows them, but because they are so easily omitted, it is believed that they are superfluous. True, their omission is usually not noticed, but for that very reason they stand out so much more prominently when they are done. Nothing is ever more pleasing to any girl than respect.

Ambition and initiative must be a natural part of my man's make up. It is surprising the number of men who seem to possess these qualities in an absolutely negative degree. By the time a man goes to college he should know what his life work is to be. All his plans and university activities should conform to this plan of his work. Who can help but have faith and confidence in him who has the "I will!" attitude, knowing all the time what he wants.

Good looks do not go very far when not in combination with neatness, while the latter gets on famously without the former. A man who does not respect him-

self enough to appear always at his best cannot interest me, and, unless I am mistaken, fails to measure up to the average University woman's ideal.

A soldier's uniform fascinates a girl only because of the neat, trim, and well-groomed look it gives a man.

The saving grace of modesty adds greatly to a man's desirability.

We women like to hear a man express his faith with confidence in the ability of woman, or, if it is not expressed, to know that the confidence is there. Sympathy is a rare quality in man; its rarity marks the man as few other attributes can.

Money, contrary to what most men believe, plays absolutely no part in most girls' judgment of men. There is the exception in this as in all other cases. It is character that counts. The years in college are character builders and what I like to see most of all in a man, is the outcropping of those things which indicate a good character formation.

The things I like in a man are not inherent, nor are they purchasable. They are free to him who desires them, and they are worth while developing, as I believe my opinion is not individual, but common to many. To desire a man to be a poor imitation of a woman is nonsensical, but to wish him to be a good man is sound reason.

TO encourage the writing of short stories and verse by the students of the University, the Illini Board of Trustees, publishers of *The Illinois Magazine,* have announced two prizes to be known as the "Illinois Magazine Short Story Prize" and the "Illinois Magazine Poetry Prize."

With this generous bid for quality writing for this publication there should be a sufficient response from those students who write, to make it worth the while of the board to conduct similar contests in the future.

The official announcement of the board regarding the contest follows:

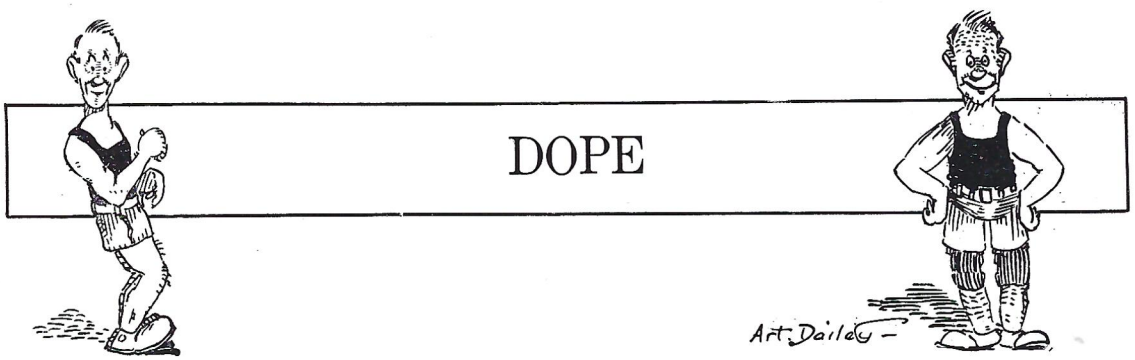
The Illini Publishing Company announces a prize of $25 for the best short story, written by an undergraduate student now in attendance at the University.

It also announces a prize of $10 for the best piece of verse written by any undergraduate or graduate student now in attendance at the University and not a member of the teaching staff.

The prizes are to be called the "Illinois Magazine Short Story Prize" and the "Illinois Magazine Poetry Prize." The Illini Publishing Company reserves the right to reject all manuscripts and reopen the competition. It furthermore retains the right to print in the Illinois Magazine any manuscripts submitted in the contests, whether they are awarded the prizes or not, and will endeavor to give due recognition to such stories and poems as are worthy of publication.

All manuscripts should be marked with a pseudonym, and addressed to Illinois Magazine Contest, 323 University Hall. They should be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the pseudonym and the name of the writer.

The names of the winning contestants will be published in the March number of the Illinois Magazine.



Over in the Gym Annex, the basketball boys have been working hard for almost a month. Until the football season closed they coached themselves mostly, but since that time Ralph Jones has been hammering into them the fundamentals of the great indoor sport. Among the veterans of former Illini squads may be found Ham Alwood, captain; the Woods brothers, Gordon Otto, Johnny Felmley and around this nucleus Jones will group his 1916-1917 Illinois basketball team. Dan Elwell, out of school this semester because of prolonged border service, will be with the squad in February.

Basketball holds a rather unique position among sports at Illinois. In every school it is one of the major games, of course, but in few institutions is it as universally patronized as it is among the students here. Since the new seats have been installed in the Gyn Annex a crowd of over 4,000 can be accommodated, and the management expects the arena to be filled at all of the Conference games this season.

Jones probably deserves the credit for making basketball so popular. He has turned out several remarkable teams, and his record is above the average in the Conference. The Illinois team won 26 games in succession in 1914-1915 and 1915-1916 —a spell which was broken by Denny Murphy's boys from Evanston.

Illinois did not have the Conference championship in basketball last season, but this fact only indicates that the team should have better support this year than ever. Vacant seats at the Conference games will be a disappointment to everyone who is working for the longevity of Illinois athletic fame.

Scarcely a season passes without a contribution to the "Others' Opinions" department of the Daily Illini or an indignation session at the Arcade, panning the system of picking freshman varsity teams. In many cases this is not the result of sour grapes, although in most cases that is undoubtedly the cause.

On first glance at the matter it is hard to see how a freshman varsity team can be chosen from a squad of a hundred candidates. A coach cannot see every man at his best, perhaps, and many an erstwhile high school star feels that he has been overlooked because the coach hasn't had time to see him work.

After watching the effects of the system for any length of time it is easy to see that such coaches as Jones, Zuppke, Gill and Huff know a good man when they see him. The coaching staff is a staff of experts. The mistakes which they make in selecting teams are few and far between. The only example which can be charged up against the system is in the case of Harold Pogue. Pogue didn't make the freshman varsity team. He was light in weight, and scarcely suitable for Jones' purpose in charging the varsity. Pogue was relegated

to the freshman class team and then he showed what he could do. The next year he was called to the varsity. The only feature of college football that he missed was the scrimmage with the regulars, which may or may not be regrettable to him. The chances are that if the coaches overlook any more Pogues, they too will have their chance, if they later prove to be valuable.

Dr. Naismith, director of athletics at the University of Kansas, has invented a new basketball game. He spent the summer at the Mexican border and while there he worked out the details of the play and taught it to the soldiers. The game is especially adapted for outdoors, and the gym classes at Kansas are using it this winter.

The court is oval, with the goal posts twenty feet from the ends. The width is fifty feet, and the distance between goals is sixty feet. There are no backstops, and the ball may be turned into the basket from either side. This game is faster than regular basketball because the ball seldom gets out of bounds.

Basketball, as now played at Illinois, was originated by Dr. Naismith several years ago.

A WAIL FROM SORORITY ROW

HEREAFTER, for me, Homecoming will be Home-going.

For the last time I have tried to sleep on "the biscuits"—otherwise the music room davenport; for the last time I have shivered beneath a winter coat and a bathrobe, while upstairs some complaining sister whom I had never even seen before was saying unkind things about the springs on my bed—the best in the house.

For the last time I have inflicted myself upon out-in-town acquaintances whom I had hoped to call friends, but who can now never be more than polite acquaintances. For the last time I have met trains at two in the morning—trains, I say, for the guests did not arrive until the noon interurban.

I have eaten desertless dinners standing in the kitchen; I have loaned my clothes, visible and invisible, to forgetful homecomers and been the happy hostess for three long days and nights. My finest smile was never invisible.

Being a Freshman I was supposed to enjoy the dance—which I missed because I had a beating old headache—and the show, two acts of which I slept through—I was that worn out.

And perhaps I am feeling a little like the morning after the night before, but the hobo band was the worst of my experiences. I stood on the best corner for half an hour to watch the procession on its way to the field, only to be elbowed out of the way by an alumna, overtopped by a black feather which murderously swiped me with the regularity of a swinging clock pendulum.

I might have enjoyed the game if I had not given up my ticket to an alumna who thought we had bought one for her even though she hadn't sent the money. As it was, I donned my hat and best coat, bravely pinned on a huge yellow chrysanthemum and sat on the front porch waiting for my escort—as they all supposed—until the girls all left the house.

Then I went out and consoled the colored cook who wasn't going to the game either and went up to what had once been my room. My clothes were in a pile in one corner of the closet while my hooks were

(*Continued on page* 142)

DRAMATICS OF THE MONTH

NOTE—Only those attractions which the critic believes have genuine merit and are not likely to prove disappointing to the theatre patron, are listed in this section. This applies to Chicago as well as local theatres.

AT THE AUDITORIUM

JANUARY 13 — Rabindranath Tagore, Hindu philosopher and poet, will lecture. He has recently added to his list of writings a volume of short stories entitled *The Hungry Stones* which reveals the versatility of this Indian sage.

JANUARY 16—Tilly Koenen, Dutch contralto, under auspices of the Star Course. Miss Koenen is one of the greatest interpreters of German songs and further displays her versatility by presenting Italian and English groups in her program. She is considered one of the world's greatest contraltos.

JANUARY 22—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emil Oberhoffer, in matinee and evening concerts as the third of the University Symphony Concert series.

(*Continued on page* 138)

DEWEY

—wishes every one of you fellows a Merry Christmas & a Mighty Happy New Year

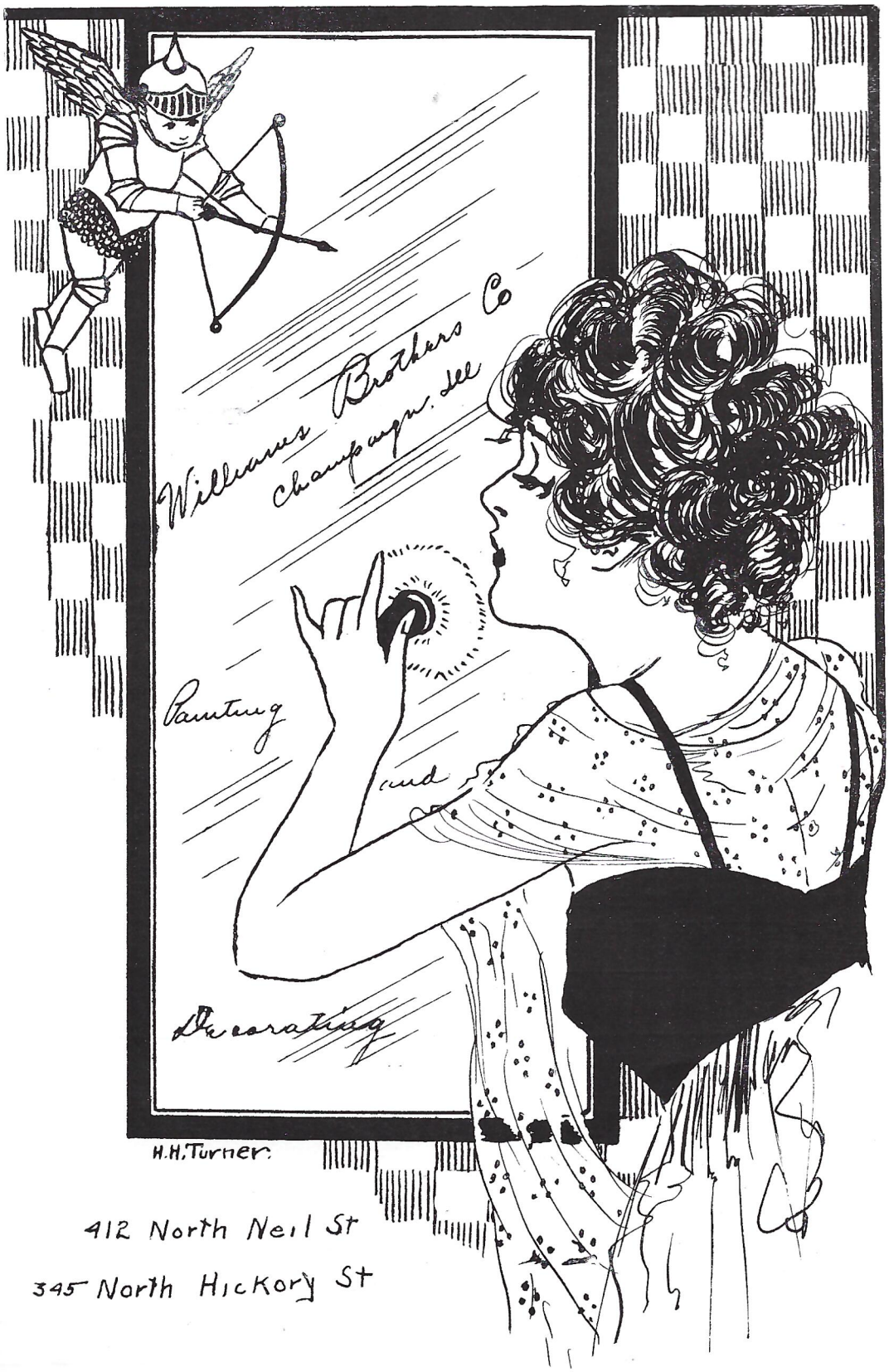
He'll miss you, just as you will miss his super-excellent billiard and pool tables and the inimitable atmosphere of his haunt to work off that Christmas dinner. But they will be waiting for you to help obliviate the image of "her," when the grind starts.

Arcade Billiard Parlor

—brighten up with a Zom Necktie

ZOM has a most delectable assortment of neckwear—selected for University men —not too somber nor too loud—and a lot of it is most reasonably priced at

—fifty cents



412 North Neil St

345 North Hickory St

KANDY'S U. of I. BARBER SHOP
CONVENIENT CONGENIAL HIGH CLASS
RIGHT ON GREEN STREET

(*Continued from page* 136)

AT THE ILLINOIS

Lyman Howe, with moving pictures extraordinary, has been booked for his annual return date during the coming month.

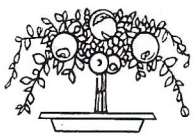
Holiday Attractions in Chicago

GARRICK—T. Roy Barnes in the delightfully pretty musical show, *Katinka* with its tuneful Friml music.

POWERS—David Belasco's two year old success *The Boomerang* has finally broken away from Broadway. No wonder Broadway kept it two years; it is worth it. A more delightfully amusing comedy with a better cast cannot be seen in Chicago this year. Martha Hedman and the entire original cast are playing the Chicago engagement.

McVICKERS — Graham Moffat in *The Concealed Bed.* You might like it; the chances are you would—at Christmas time anyway.

(*Continued on page* 144)



Flowers

An ideal Christmas Gift for Old or Young

✣

CUT OR POTTED

No home can be complete in holiday spirit without flowers. We give special attention to orders from the University Faculty

Thos. Franks & Son

Auto 1075 Bell 908

THE ARCADE BOWLING ALLEYS

You will find all the athletes of the school among those present nearly every afternoon. They realize the value of bowling to keep a fellow in condition during the winter months

of course they enjoy it, too! No one can help but do that

E. W. COLLARD, Prop.

GIFTS

Pictures
Guest Books
Card Cases
Purses
Special Gift Books
Dainty Boxed Gifts
Stationery
Illinois Souvenirs
New Ψ Albums

Strauchs
THE GIFT SHOP
OPPOSITE PRESIDENT'S CAMPUS HOME

Branch Store at 112 North Neil Street, Champaign

Enlarging *Framing*

THE STUDENT

CRUMB SHELF

Good Meals at Reasonable Prices

Did you ever try a piece
of our pie after studying
for two or three hours??
Those who know never
miss a night

"Smoker Eats" a Specialty

$5.00 Ticket for $4.50

L. D. BUCK

The same old cider on tap

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116-118 NORTH NEIL STREET *in the City of* CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

BELL TELEPHONE 1039 AUTO TELEPHONE 1502

BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 125)

rain and gay with "butterfly-haunted puddles" or of visions of "lotus-handed ladies whispering over manuscript things too fine to be told," the effect is the same: a realization of the catholicity of beauty and of the exhilaration of existence beneath "acres of stars."—M. S. G.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1916. ($1.25.)

One's appreciation of the new University Directory deepens with each new occasion for referring to it. It is doubtful if any similar publication has been prepared with such conscientious attention to detail and has come from the press at once so accurate and so interesting. Interest, it must be remembered, is a rare virtue in catalogues, yet Dr. Phelps has demonstrated that mere utility, while the first consideration, perhaps, is not the only one, and has filled his work with scraps of human interest material which make it more than something to be consulted for addresses or for the facts necessary in the writing of an obituary. It is possible through the medium of its pages to really scrape up an acquaintance with interesting alumni. A half hour's perusal gives one a better conception of the greatness of the University of Illinois and of the work being done in the world by its alumni and alumnae than can be secured in any other way. The volume is not a mere directory but a dictionary of Illinois biography.

University of Illinois, (Dr. V. V. Phelphs, Editor) $5. To students, $2.

WATCHES

For Men we offer a special in "Elgin"
full jeweled
open faced
thin model
20 year case
✠
A warranted time-keeper and reasonably priced
$12.75

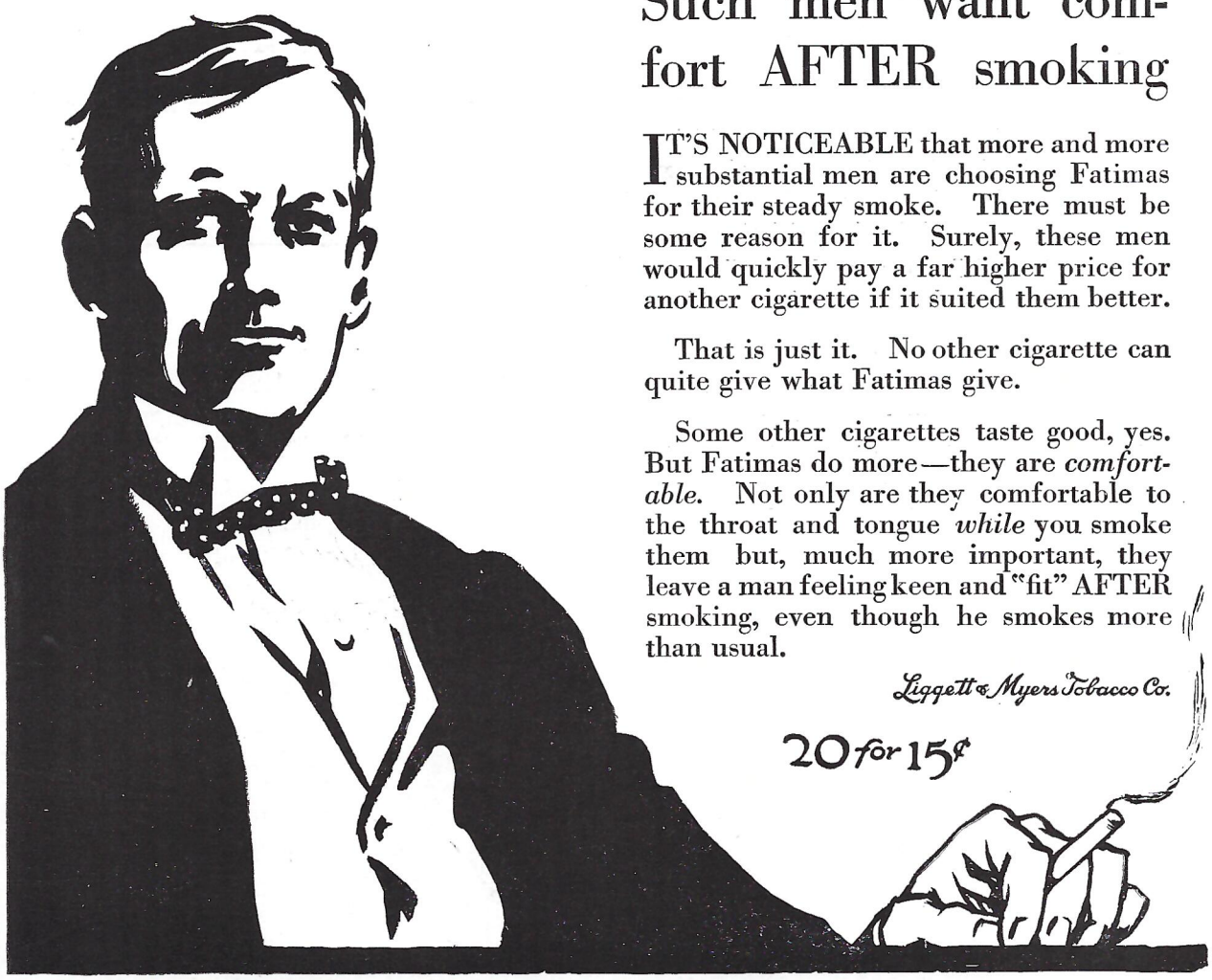
WUESTMAN
LEADING JEWELER
CHAMPAIGN

WILLIAM WALLACE PAUL
Shoes of Quality
MAIN & WALNUT ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

DOYLE
THE HARDWARE MAN
He has a corner on the student trade because he well deserves it

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette



Such men want comfort AFTER smoking

IT'S NOTICEABLE that more and more substantial men are choosing Fatimas for their steady smoke. There must be some reason for it. Surely, these men would quickly pay a far higher price for another cigarette if it suited them better.

That is just it. No other cigarette can quite give what Fatimas give.

Some other cigarettes taste good, yes. But Fatimas do more—they are *comfortable.* Not only are they comfortable to the throat and tongue *while* you smoke them but, much more important, they leave a man feeling keen and "fit" AFTER smoking, even though he smokes more than usual.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢

(*Continued from page* 135)

filled with the garments of Homecomers. I almost hated them. My electric light bulbs were going; my powder was spilled on the floor and there was hair in my comb. A tray of half-eaten breakfast was disastrously tilted upon the unmade bed.

Last night they went—the Homecomers. They had had a "wonderful, glorious time."

So had I. Homecoming is a joyous occasion for the Homecomer. Even now I am anticipating four years hence when I too may come back. I declare that I shall engage a room at the hotel, but down in my heart I know I shall stay at the house, because everyone does.

The freshmen may go anywhere they please, and I hope they take the old biscuit davenport with them to the new house. I shall be as heartless as all Homecomers; I shall even demand football tickets.

But until I can *come* home, I shall *go* home. Then—oh, revenge is sweet!

卐

This year will be remembered for a long time as bringing into existence three new colleges, at least as far as the knowledge of most of us is concerned. *We Wish You Many Returns of the Year* Wabash, Colgate, and Carleton!

I've been on this job for 15 years

UNIVERSITY PRESSING SHOP
CLEANING PRESSING
REPAIRING

621 S. WRIGHT ST.
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Both Telephones 4 Suits Pressed $1.00

A COMPLETE LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS NOW ON DISPLAY.

Gifts for every one at Popular Prices

H. & H. 5-10-25 Cent Store
6 Main St. Champaign

Be sure to read the announcement of our Prize Contest on p. 133

The Illinois

For

CHRISTMAS

You Will Need

Harris' CANDIES

Especially Those Famous

"Lay Noy" Chocolates, 60c lb.

We pack our candies, carefully, for shipment to any address

D. E. HARRIS, 608 E. Green St.

THE BEARDSLEY

WE SERVE TABLE D'HOTE AND A LA CARTE
EVERY FACILITY FOR SERVING BANQUETS
LUNCHEONS AND DINNER PARTIES

C. B. HATCH, PRESIDENT

Familiar Banalities

Mental hospitality—entertaining an idea.

Spiritual pageantry—parading one's virtues.

Moral harvesting—reaping one's reward.

Social cannibalism—living on one's friends.

Undesirable generosity—giving oneself away.

REACTIONS

Assistant Dean Fred Rankin:

If more farmers would give their boys cows to take care of when they are children, there would be fewer of them in cities later taking care of chickens.

Dr. H. D. Harding:

"There are only three places where you can't find germs: Heaven, hell and a vacuum."

Say——

Did you ever stop to think how much we photographers mean to this here old world? Those of you who have an "only" and who gave her a picture of yourself for Christmas, got an inkling of what I mean from the look in her eyes as she thanked you.

But anyway, photography is a profession, not a job. The man who makes a real success at it, is a man with a vision. A man with a goal ahead. A man who loves art for art's sake. A man with a real spirit of service. *Such a man is*

MELTON — of the
HOWARD STUDIOS

And he has imbued even the office Cat with the spirit

BUY
Vriner's Chocolates
Nicely Packed in Fancy Boxes
One to Five Pounds
An Ideal Christmas Gift

卐

Vriner's Confectionery
CHAMPAIGN & URBANA

Don't forget those delicious Malted Milks

(*Continued from page* 138)

CORT—*Fair and Warmer* still draws laughs here.

OLYMPIC—*Her Market Value.* Do your own guessing.

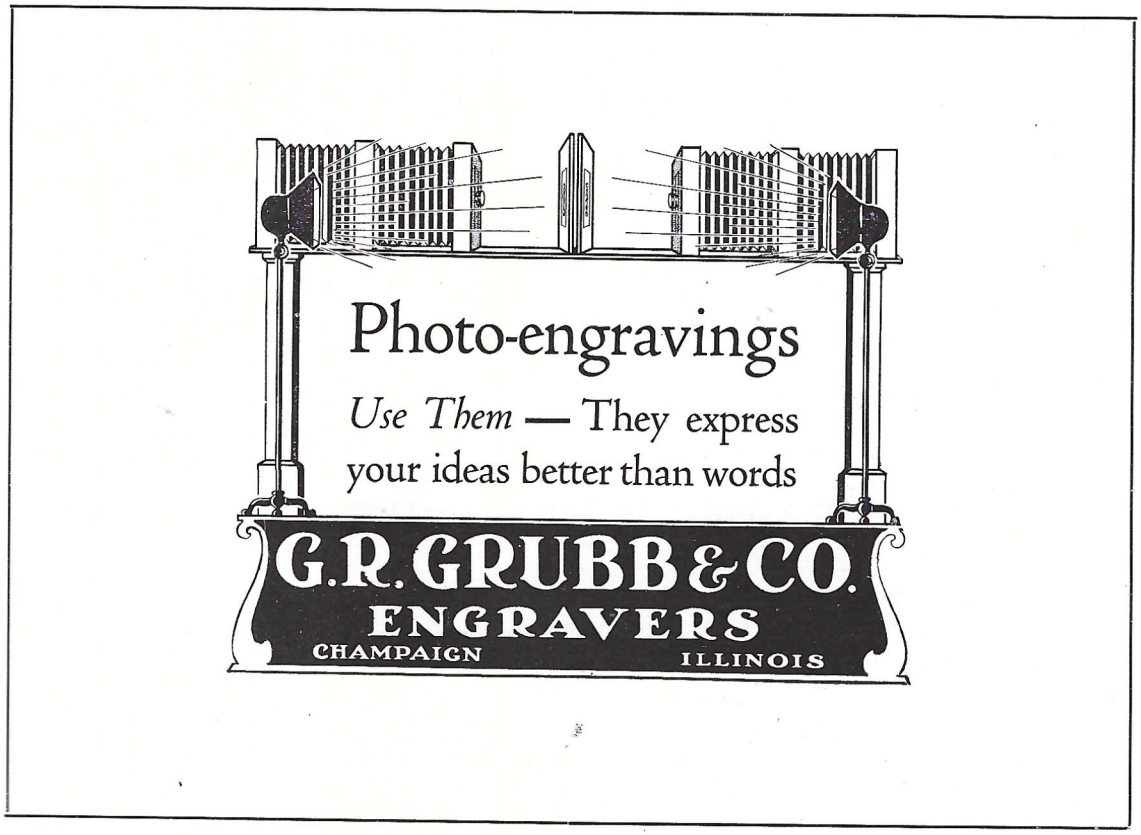
BLACKSTONE—E. H. Sothern in a masterful production: *If I Were King.*

ILLINOIS—A splendid opportunity to see Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a charastic role in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and other Shakespearian productions.

AUDITORIUM—With the season in full swing many Illinois people will take this opportunity to hear at least a part of the splendid Christmas offering in Grand Opera. Wagnerian opera will be presented at 2:30 o'clock on Sundays. *Tannhäuser* will be sung December 24; *Tristan Und Isolde* December 31 and *Lohenghrin* January 7. The week-day schedules are announced in the daily press far enough in advance to secure tickets.

COLONIAL—David Griffith's *Intolerance* is a good movie if you want to see one—spectacular and stupenduous and all that.

When the Christmas cigars are all smoked up, we can smell the South Farm once again.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

Harry Muss lighting his pipe on the electric linotype metal pot.